

Committed to Parkview

Johnny Cash

There's a man across the hall who sits staring at the floor,
He thinks he's Hank Williams; hear him singing through the door

.

There's a girl in 203, who stops by to visit me,
And she talks about her songs and the star that she should be.
There are lots of special people staying in or passing through:
And for one thing or another, committed to Parkview.

There's a girl in 307, coming down on Thorazine.
And a superstar's ex-drummer trying to kick Benzedrine.
There's a boy just down below me, who's the son of some well-
known:
He was brought in by his mother, 'cos his daddy's always gone.
There's a bum from down on Broadway and then a few quite well-
to-do's:
Who have withdrawn from the rat race and committed to Parkview.

There's a girl who cries above me, loud enough to wake the dead

.

They don't know what she has taken that has scrambled up her head.

There's a writer and a singer who has tried and tried and tried
:

They just brought him in this morning, an attempted suicide.
There are those that never made it, those that did but now are
through:
Some came of their own good choosing: some committed to Parkview.

They wake us about 6:30, just before the morning meal.
While they're taking blood pressure, they ask us how we feel.
And I always say: "Fantastic! There ain't nothing wrong with me
."

And then they give me my injection and I go right back to sleep

.

And my days are kind of foggy and my nights are dreamy too:
But they're taking good care of me: committed to Parkview.